

"REX" BIRCHALL STRANGLED TO DEATH.

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

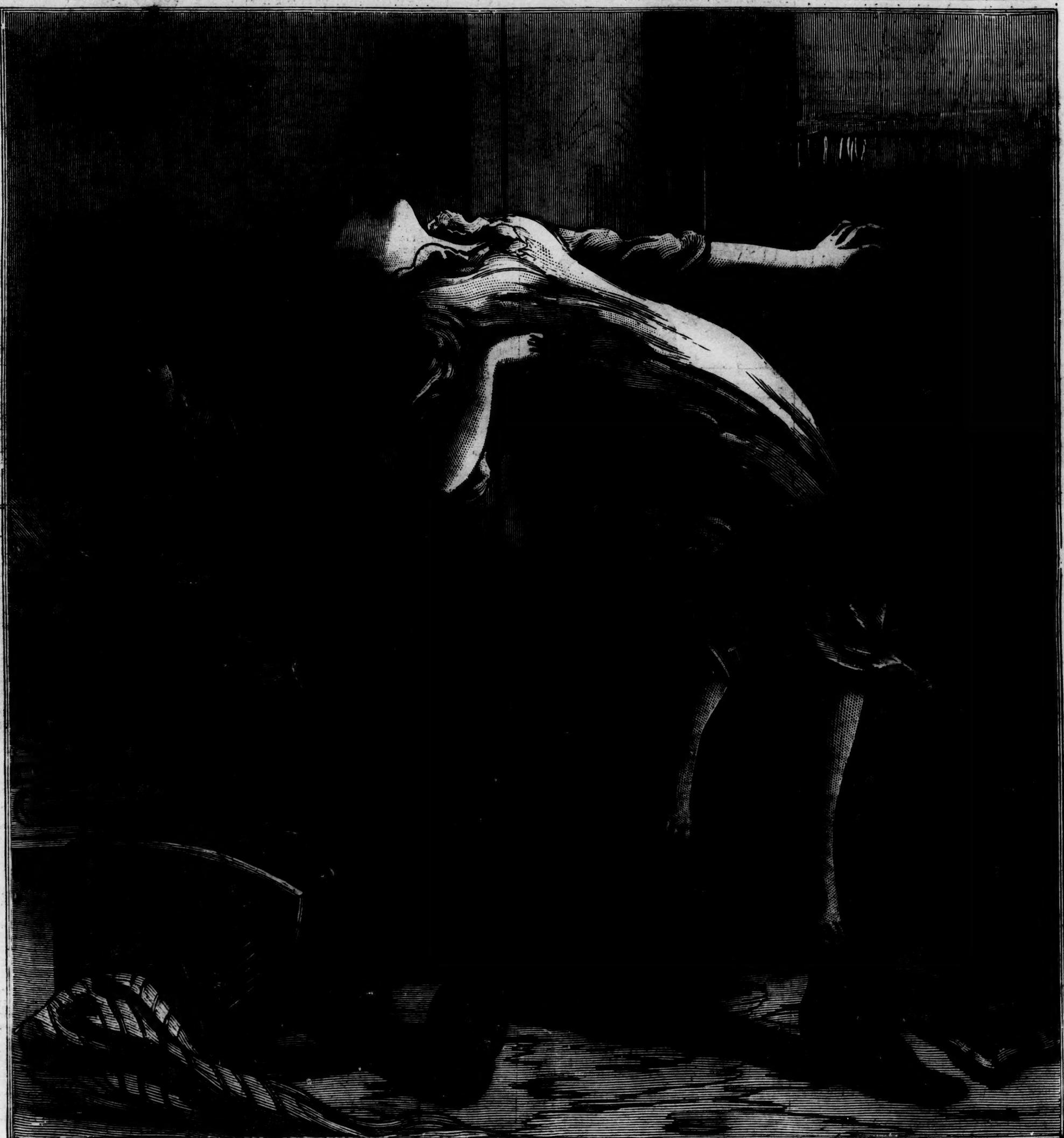
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

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STOLE THE GIRL.

PRETTY CARRIE SCHMELTZ, OF HAZELWOOD, NEAR CUSTER CITY, PA., ABDUCTED AT MIDNIGHT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.THE FULL HISTORY OF THE  
MURDER OFFRED BENWELL by  
J. REGINALD BIRCHALL,  
IN THE WOODS OF CANADA.

In Book Form. Finely Illustrated.

Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents  
byRICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
Franklin Square, New York.THE MURDER OF FRED BENWELL  
BY J. REGINALD BIRCHALL.

Of all human paradoxes, J. Reginald Birchall, recently hanged in the jail-yard in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, was the most paradoxical. There appears to be no doubt that he murdered, in cold blood, Frederick C. Benwell, and that the deed was long premeditated. Young Benwell had been inveigled from England by Birchall upon the pretext that he was to become a gentleman farmer and stock-riser, and that a fortune would be the result. He came to Canada with Birchall, was led to the Blenheim swamp, and was there brutally shot. Several days afterward his body was found. Birchall identified it and then nonchalantly returned to his hotel. Detectives made an investigation, and charged Birchall with the crime. He, of course, denied all knowledge of the murder. He was locked up, was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

The murder was done in February of this year. On Nov. 14 he was strangled to death by order of the law.

From the moment of his arrest Birchall asserted his innocence in the most strenuous words, but his contradictions proved him to be a born liar and a man utterly devoid of principle. He admitted that he had brought Benwell from London, and had given him fairy stories of his possessions in this country; he did not deny that he was a visionary and a schemer; he even confessed that he did not know the truth when he saw it, and yet he intimated that others had taken young Benwell's life and that he had not been with him on the fatal day.

He was such a consummate prevaricator, however, that the jury placed no belief in his assertions, and it was conclusively proven, in so far as their opinions went, that he was the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

While public opinion, and what was more conclusive, the opinion of the jury, convicted Birchall, there was pity for his wife, an intelligent young woman, who had joined her fortunes with her scheming husband. She had, no doubt, also been his dupe, and her suffering was all the greater because of the fact that she trustfully believed in him and his innocence. She made every effort to save him from the gallows, and it was only because of the natural wickedness of the man that she did not succeed.

We tell the full story of the case on other pages this week. Our special photographers have given us the portraits of those most deeply concerned in the matter, and they may, therefore, be relied upon as being strictly life-like. We also present a number of scenes of the neighborhood of the crime and of the closing acts in connection therewith.

The crime and its sequel are most interesting, and the entertaining tale is fully told in a book of the Benwell murder published in this establishment, which can be had upon application.

## MASKS AND FACES

Persiflage and Passion--Mrs. Leslie Carter.

## BALLERINA AND KING.

Fantastic French Fencers--Tell-Tale  
Titles--Tim Murphy's Tile.

## IS KELCEY A VILLAIN?

Frederick the Great was in love with Barbarina, a ballerina. The whole story of this amour has recently been brought out by a learned book published abroad. The story is interesting. La Barbarina, the heroine of the book, was a Venetian dancer of extraordinary beauty and chic, and the foremost ballerina of her time. Frederick the Great heard of her many charms and engaged her for a number of years at a fabulous salary to come to Berlin. But shortly after she signed the contract she made the acquaintance of an Englishman, Lord McKenzie, who persuaded her to remain with him in Italy. Frederick opened a



diplomatic correspondence with the Republic of Venice on the subject, and demanded that the person engaged by him should be compelled to hold to her contract. The Venetians, however, knew a good thing when they had it, and refused to comply with the King's request. The great Frederick was wild with rage on receiving this notification, and shortly afterward, learning that the Venetian Ambassador was passing through the territory of Bayreuth, which belonged to his brother-in-law, he dispatched a handful of hussars over the frontier, who arrested the Ambassador and brought him to Berlin.

When his Excellency appeared before the King his Majesty apologized for this high-handed proceeding, which he described as due to a mistake, but added with a sardonic smile that, as the grievance could not well be redressed, he had decided to make the best of it and keep the Ambassador in durance vile until such time as their Excellencies the Venetian authorities complied with his just request. That La Barbarina should be sent to him. The King kept his word, and, in May, 1744, La Barbarina's carriage appeared under the Brandenburg gate, the Ambassador was allowed to go out through the Potsdam gate a free man. The dancer, whose alleged husband was immediately banished from Berlin on the plea of immorality, made an instantaneous hit with his Majesty, who paid her 32,000 francs salary, besides giving her innumerable presents and grants of landed property. The lady, being an intelligent person, did not rely on her profession alone to captivate the King, but became an ardent student of French literature and music, which so pleased the great Frederick that he took her with him almost every evening, and only attended the festivities of the aristocracy on condition that La Barbarina was among the invited guests. This went on for many years, and the book gives a number of sprightly episodes of that period which shed a new and interesting light on Frederick the Great's character.

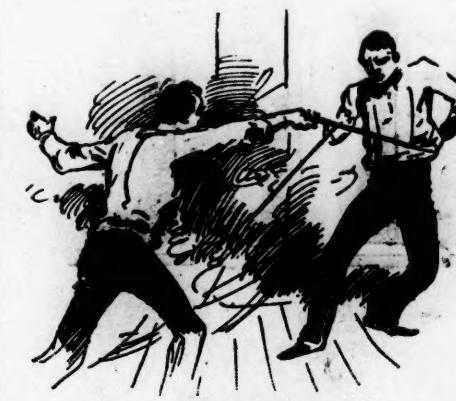
Only a few days ago Mr. Maurice Bernhardt, son of the great actress, challenged a newspaper man to deadly combat for expressing his opinion regarding his dear mamma. The duel was fought, and, as usual, was bloodless. The honor of Cleopatra was vindicated and the deadly ire of both combatants was satisfied with coffee and absinthe.

Maurice Bernhardt is a tall, athletic youth with a taste for horses and women. His mamma pays his debts with maternal solicitude. His father is supposed to be a duke. They bow, father and son, when they meet, but they never speak. Duels in behalf of actresses are common in Paris. Aurelian Schall, Albert Wolf, Pierre Veron and many other journalists have crossed swords for or against some footlight favorite. Grander, Milly Meyer and Thea have had duels fought for them. Most of these duels end like that between Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the play, in talk and handshakes.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, whose scandalous divorce suit started even Chicago last year, appeared in the leading role of "The Ugly Duckling," a society comedy by Potter and Gordon at the Broadway Theatre, New York, last week. The critics are almost unanimous

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTRESSES.—Send a two cent stamp to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

in the belief that she is a winner. David Belasco coached her. Mrs. Leslie Carter, as I have seen her in her trap in the Park, is not a striking looking woman. She is sinuous and graceful, but not markedly attractive. Her blue eyes are mediocre. Her hair is tawny. Her mouth is large. Her teeth are prominent and of all sizes and styles. Her voice is good, her articulation is distinct, her hands are big.



FOR BERNHARDT.

Vienna and was crushed at a number of cheap dance halls. In Munich it was worn and lost and found again by a soubrette, who has since become famous. Then that crush opera hat was taken back to Paris, and at the fair in behalf of the Madrid inundation it was used by a ballet dancer of the Grand Opera to collect franc pieces, ten franc pieces, and other contributions to the cause of charity. In London, at the Savoy Club, that hat had been spilled over it, and in New York it has been sat upon six or seven times. Luke C. Martin, the light-weight boxer, played dude last winter and wore that hat. Tim Murphy's tile has, you see, the endurance of the average soubrette, and all I wish is that it will have as many years of active service as Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Jane Coombs or Fanny Janushevsk.

I have remarked recently that many of our comedians are going in for play writing. Tragedy is dead. Farce-comedy is kicking. Louis Harrison, for instance, has concocted "The Noble Roman" for his use. Edward Suits Edwards is chargeable with a play, "Bye and Bye." William Collier has manufactured "Horse and Houser." Joe Hart is guilty of being "In It." Dan Collier fabricated "Razzle Dazzle." Geo. W. June keeps "A Banana Peel" in his trunk, and Harry Crandall dallies with "Miss Fitz."



"POLITICS!" SAID TIM.

And now comes the news that Flora Moore threatens to star in a comedy, "Just Over," all by herself and all for herself.

Augustus Dunlop, of *Stage News*, asks if the title of that play oughtn't to be read "Just Half Seas Over," in order to fit the star, but I answer positively in the negative. I have never seen Miss Moore drink one drop.

LEW ROSEN.

## THE VEINS SEARED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Minick, employed at Head's saw mill, about ten miles from Corning, N. Y., recently lost one of his arms by its being cut off by a buzz saw. He was at work near the saw at the time of the accident. He was cut through the flesh to the ribs and the arm severed at the shoulder. Dr. H. C. May was called, and was surprised to find that no blood had run from the wound.

Examination revealed the fact that the flesh on the edges of the wound was seared and the exposed ends of the blood vessels seared so that they were closed. The only explanation the physician can make of the strange condition is that the circular saw was highly heated, it having just passed through a log, and its heat seared the wound. But for that Minick would have died from loss of blood before the doctor could have reached him. As it is, there seems to be no doubt of his recovery.

## PROHIBITIONISTS ON A RAMPAGE.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two hundred men, with white caps pulled down over their heads, recently rode into the town of Freemont, Mo., and forced their way into a whisky joint owned by W. Peyton. Here they proceeded to smash all the bottles, glasses, kegs, barrels and barroom furniture. Peyton lay on the floor, a witness to it all, but powerless to do anything to save his property.

MARGUERITE ST. JOHN.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Marguerite St. John, whose fair face we reproduce elsewhere, is an English actress now delighting American audiences in a series of refined society comedies. Her artistic rendering of "Mars" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, recently, created some talk and led the critics to hope that she would continue in her histrionic ambitions.

## OUR PUBLISHERS.

We are in receipt of "A Sister's Love," translated by Margaret P. Waterman. It is a readable volume and bristles with good things.

R. W. Worthington & Co. have recently published a number of interesting books, good in their entirety, as all of the publications of this enterprising firm are.

## GAY MAMIE GILROY.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mamie Gilroy, one of the sopranos of "The Fakir" company, is smiling on another page of this week's issue. Her many friends will be glad to see her fair face on our popular pages.

## ROB ROBERTS.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Bob Roberts is a dashing young actor, stage manager and singer, well-known in professional circles in England and the United States. His portrait will be found on our dramatic page.

SPLENDID CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF THE THREE LEVY SISTERS IN TIGHTS. Magnificently finished. Sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



TRAGEDY IS DEAD.

character is as marked as Hon. Bardwell Sloane, played by Florence, and the Hon. Senator Rivers, played by Crane. The tile which Tim Murphy wears in act three has a history. It was made in Paris and assisted at some wild balls at Bullier. Then it was taken to

## WEARY WOMEN!

Bigamy, Divorce, Breach of Promise, Etc.

## MRS. BLAKESLY'S CHARGE.

Sued By a Pretty School-Teacher.

## THE WHEAT DIVORCE CASE.

Alienating a Massachusetts Wife's Affections.

## ANNIE JONES'S PISTOL.

Here is the record of a week's happenings and extremely lively happenings they were. They deal in bigamy, divorce, breach of promise, alienation of a wife's affections and the tale of a pretty girl who held up a doctor charging him with having tampered with her affections.



MRS. BLAKESLY'S RUDE HUSBAND.

The scenes are placed in several parts of the Union, and prove that our country is still growing, if not growing still.

## IS HE A BIGAMIST?

Mrs. "Charles M. Blakesly," of Jewett City, a suburb of Providence, Rhode Island, has created considerable stir in that town by announcing that her husband is a bigamist.

The two were married four years ago in May's Landing, N. J., against the wishes of the bride's parents, and as a consequence, the two were compelled to elope.

Some time afterwards she ascertained, as she claims, that her husband's name was not Blakesly but Williams, and that he had another wife in Georgia.

The disappointed woman was formerly a mill operative, and after she had given birth to a baby, she claims that her husband abused her and the child to such an extent that life became almost unbearable, and that he finally abandoned her and went to live with his first wife in Eastern Massachusetts.

Wife No. 2, the alleged Mrs. Blakesly, was finally prevailed upon by her friends and relatives to prefer a charge of bigamy against the man who had fooled her, and officers of the law are now searching for him with a view to yanking him before Justice to answer the charge.

## ALIENATED A WIFE'S AFFECTIONS.

Acton is a thriving Massachusetts village of over 2,000 inhabitants. It is hard-by Concord and not far from Lowell. Just southwest of Acton is South Acton.

The persons most deeply interested in this story are well-known in all of the places mentioned, and they are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hughes and Mr. James Tuttle. The former has sued the latter for \$30,000 damages for the alienation of his wife's affections.

Mr. Tuttle is seventy-three years old, and Mrs. Hughes is not yet thirty. In addition to his advanced age, Mr. Tuttle is handicapped by stiff knee joints, which compel him to use crutches. But he has got a few hundred thousand dollars in the bank and elsewhere, and is one of the leading men in the town. He has a wife and two children, both of whom are married and have children. Until now his character has been above reproach. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes have lived

in that town a year. She is said to have a divorced husband, and a child by him. She has a buxom figure, blond hair, and is stylish and attractive.

The allegation upon which the suit is based is that Mr. Tuttle and Mrs. Hughes were discovered in a compromising situation in a cornfield a short time ago. The man who claims to have made the discovery does



GOING THROUGH THE CORN.

not have the best reputation for veracity. Mr. Tuttle denies the allegation and says it is a case of blackmail. He admits going to the cornfield with Mrs. Hughes, and says they went after corn. He says he will be drawn and quartered before he gives Hughes a penny.

## A BROTHER'S ANGER.

Miss Mary Eubanks, daughter of M. Eubanks, a Mitchell, Ind., tailor, died recently from the effect of blows on the head inflicted by her brother, Bee Eubanks. A few evenings ago the woman was sent out by her father and brother, from lack of money, to trade for a bottle of whisky. Being unable to do so, she remarked that she was afraid to go home lest she should be killed. She did go home, and soon after the sound of blows was heard and she was heard to cry out: "You're killing me! You're killing me!"

The following morning when one of her brothers called a physician, saying that his sister had taken an overdose of morphine and whisky, the physician found her lying on the floor in convulsions. She never regained consciousness. An examination showed a fracture of the skull and several contusions of the brain, with bruises over the body. The inquest developed the fact that Bee Eubanks had beaten his sister to death with a whisky jug. Bee Eubanks has been sent to Bedford jail, but the father has not yet been arrested.

## BALTIMORE AGAINST LOUISVILLE.

There is a little domestic war in progress between Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., and it appears to be a toss up as to which will get there.

One day during the week, in Baltimore, Owen W. Thomas, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., for threatening the life of his brother in law, Milton W. Wheat, had his bail, on application of the latter, increased from \$800 to \$1,000 to keep the peace. Wheat is seeking a divorce from his wife. Mrs. Wheat arrived in Baltimore recently from Louisville to defend the suit, when informed of the charges made against her character by Wheat. Mrs. Bell, the landlady of the house in which Wheat lived, tells the story of a private detective named Zipprian, who attempted to force himself upon Wheat a few days ago.

"I opened the door in answer to a ring," she says, "and Zipprian bolted in from the steps. I asked him where he was going, and he attempted to push past me, at the same time gripping my arm. I forbade him going upstairs, and then the man Thomas entered and said he wanted and must see Wheat. He also grabbed my arm, and being satisfied they meant to murder Wheat I screamed 'Murder,' and they departed. This caused me to swear out the warrant. A letter which came Saturday for Wheat said if the latter could call at some house on Paca street he would hear of something to his advantage. I am sure it was a decoy letter, and it has been given to Col. Loney, Wheat's counsel. These events so frightened Wheat that he went away, and is either in Cambridge, Md., with his uncle, or in Alexandria, Va. His wife, so he told me, left him some three years ago and went home to Kentucky, where she has lived ever since. He was the father of two girls, and the family when united resided in St. Paul street, near Biddle, in a house still owned by Mr. Wheat. The man wanted Wheat to sign a retraction of statements affecting his sister's character, and I am sure he would have murdered the man if he had gotten up stairs."

While Thomas was filing a bond to keep the peace



THEY BROKE INTO THE LANDLADY'S HOUSE.

for six months, Wheat was in the Grand Jury room, and told that body of the assault that had been committed upon him. The Grand Jury found two presents against Thomas—one for assault, the other for carrying concealed weapons. Thomas is a man of slight build and refined and gentlemanly appearance, and is about 27 years of age. His brother-in-law is

much older. Mrs. Wheat accompanied her brother Thomas to court. She was formerly a society leader in Baltimore.

## ANNIE JONES HOLDS UP DR. PYLE.

Annie L. Jones, a pretty Coatesville, Pa., girl, recently attempted to shoot Dr. W. L. Pyle in front of his residence on Bergen avenue, Jersey City Heights. As she pulled her gun she demanded money from the physician, claiming that he had ruined her. She was disarmed and locked up.

The doctor insists that he never saw Annie before, and Annie produces this letter as proof that he had, and had met her on several occasions in Philadelphia:

"No. 3,419 WALNUT STREET, 11-7-86."

"DEAR ANNA—Well, I should certainly think that you won't be surprised to receive this letter after failing to meet us last night, the second time you have disappointed us. Surely you have some good excuse or you would have surely met us. For my part I don't understand it at all. You broke the engagement you had with Dr. Lambert H. Edgar, so now I think you are a pretty bad one to break. You can't blame me for so thinking, can you, you dear little girl?"

"Were you kept home by that caller you had last Wed. eve? My friend Don says 'Send my best regards,' though I have no doubt he feels a little sore over last night. Hoping that you will answer very soon and explain matters, I am your sweet boy."

"W. L. PYLE."

Dr. Edgar is a well-known physician of Philadelphia, and asserts that Dr. Pyle did know Annie. The case is a most complicated one, as Dr. Pyle, who is of eminent respectability, says that Dr. Edgar is mistaken, and that somebody must have taken his name and represented him.

Miss Annie is now in jail, and Dr. Pyle asserts his intention of prosecuting her for her assault upon him.

## SIX TIMES A WIFE.

Ten years ago the little tavern at Emerson's Mills, Pa., in the Pine Run lumber region was kept by a noted character, Elias Benton. He had a very pretty daughter named Betty. Her mother was dead, and she looked after the household affairs of the tavern. She was 16 years old, and Edward Shott, a bark contractor, young and well-to-do, was in love with her and wanted to marry her. Betty wanted to marry young Shott, but her father had other plans, and she was compelled to obey him. He chose for her husband a man three times her age, who owned a large pine tract in the neighborhood, a valuable property that Landlord Benton was anxious to possess.

He compelled his sixteen-year-old daughter to marry this man, Atkins by name. He only lived six months, and left his young widow the pine land, which her father sold and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. Young Shott had, in the meantime,



ANNIE JONES' HANDY GUN.

closed out his contracts and gone away. One year after the death of her husband young Mrs. Atkins married, entirely to spite her father, John Grover, a sawyer. He was killed in his employer's mill one month later.

The landlord's daughter was now twice a widow, although she was not yet eighteen years old. Two months after her second husband's death Edward Shott returned to Emerson's Mills, and on her eighteenth birthday young Widow Grover, who had grown defiant of her father, married her old-time lover. The couple lived happily for a year, and one child was born. The child was not two weeks old when the father was crushed to death by a falling tree in the woods. Widowed now for a third time, the landlord's daughter mourned her third husband sincerely for two years. Then her father died.

At the age of twenty-one she made what was regarded as a most fortunate marriage, her fourth husband being Elmer James, a young Warren county lawyer. James turned out to be a drunkard. He abused his wife and her child so shamefully that she had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce, which was granted four months after she became Mrs. James. She remained a widow until she was twenty-three, when she married George Rhone, a widower of fifty. He was a prominent man in the locality. Before they were married a year Rhone died with the small-pox. His young wife nursed him all through the course of the dreadful disease, escaping without taking it herself. Rhone left his widow \$10,000 in cash. She was then not yet twenty-four years old. Not long after her last husband's death she took her child and went to Ohio, where she had relatives living. This was one year ago. Recently she wrote to a friend in Bradford, Pa., that she was to be married the next day in Covington, Ky., to a young man named Charles Green, a farmer.

## A SCHOOLTEACHER'S TROUBLES.

Sheriff Green, of Media, Pa., has just returned from Chicago, where he went to serve notice on Sam Clayton, a son of Judge Clayton, that he was wanted in

town to answer a charge of breach of promise made by Miss Alice Goodley, a pretty schoolteacher, who directs the young idea of South Chester how to shoot.

Mr. Clayton had been in Chicago nearly a week, and his marriage to Miss Partridge, the daughter of a wealthy pork packer, is announced. It is said that Mr. Clayton was summoned to Chicago by a request from his fiance to explain statements made in a letter to her from Miss Goodley in regard to his alleged promises to her before he met Miss Partridge. Sheriff Green says he found Mr. Clayton in excellent spirits, and evidently happy at the near approach of his wedding day. He says everything has been satisfactorily explained, and Miss Goodley's suit will not delay the wedding, or in any way affect the happiness of the occasion. Young Clayton denies that he ever promised to marry Miss Goodley, and says their relations were nothing more than friendly and neighborly. He said he was never more surprised in his life than when he heard of her suit against him for breach of promise.



ALICE WRITES TO MISS PARTRIDGE.

Miss Goodley is twenty-three years of age, and is a lady of refinement and education. She says that Mr. Clayton first began to keep company with her eight years ago, and that on various occasions he has positively promised to make her his wife. She believed fully that he would eventually do this, and she was shocked when she read the published announcement of his approaching marriage to Miss Evelyn Florence Partridge, of Chicago. She immediately wrote a letter to Miss Partridge informing that lady of Mr. Clayton's previous engagement to her, and it was this letter which led to the young man's sudden call to Chicago last week. Miss Goodley has forwarded a second letter to Chicago informing Miss Partridge of the fact that Clayton related to her as a joke the story of his introduction to and subsequent relations with Miss Partridge. Among other things, she said that Clayton told her that while in New York together Miss Partridge gave him a check for \$5,000 with which to go around the city and enjoy himself.

Miss Goodley declares that she has taken this step, not for money, but for vindication, and she proposes to fight the battle to the bitter end.

There's spice enough for one week, and the reader can take his choice and season his siesta according to his taste.

## TOMMY RATS.

## HE WORKS THE WIRES.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular telegraph operators at Police Headquarters, Brooklyn, N. Y., is James Keenan, who has been connected with the department for eighteen years. Mr. Keenan is a veteran, having served in the War of the Rebellion from 1862 to 1865 in the Fourteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. (the Red Devils), and in the Fifth Regiment, N. Y. Vet. Vols. (Duryea's Zouaves) with honor. He is a member of Moses F. Odell Post, G. A. R., and a Trustee in the Fourteenth Regiment Vet. Association. Than Mr. Keenan there is none more liked or respected in the department or among his comrades of the late war.

## THE BRIDEGRoOM KILLED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A wedding feast which was being held in Glasgow, Ohio, recently was broken up by a murder committed in the midst of the assembled guests. While the feast was progressing, Lorenzo Marc Antonio made his appearance in the room. The bridegroom and a number of the guests attempted to eject him. Antonio resisted, and during the scuffle that ensued he drew a knife and plunged it into the breast of the bridegroom, who fell to the floor a corpse. When the bride saw her husband lying dead before her she uttered a wild shriek and fell upon his body unconscious. The murderer was arrested.

## NO DUDES WANTED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few days ago a band of cowboys arrived in Fort Collins, Colo. About the time the boys dropped into town there also landed there a fresh young dude from the East, who gave his name as Clarence De Puy. Clarry, as the cow-punchers called the dude, wore a shiny silk hat. This one of the rangers knocked from its owner's head to the ground. The gang then amused themselves by firing bullets through it until it resembled a sieve. Clarry left town on the next outgoing train, bareheaded.

## KILLED FOR LOVE.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Albert Shurt wanted Miss Ida Snyder, a young woman who resides three miles from Hanna Station, Ind., to marry him. Miss Snyder refused him. A few days ago, as Miss Snyder was returning from church in a buggy with a lady, she was met a short distance from town by Shurt, who drew a revolver and shot her dead. The murderer then put the weapon to his own temple and fired, inflicting a wound from which he died two hours later.

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GAY MAMIE GILROY,  
ONE OF THE PRETTY SOUBRETTES OF "THE FAKIR" COMPANY, NOW WINNING  
GOLDEN OPINIONS ON THE ROAD.



BOB ROBERTS,  
THE DASHING YOUNG STAGE MANAGER, ACTOR AND SINGER, UNIVERSALLY  
KNOWN IN PROFESSIONAL CIRCLES.



A TALENTED ACTRESS.  
MISS ANNIE WILLIAMS, A HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED AND ENTERTAINING SOUBRETTE AND DANCER, WELL-KNOWN TO PLAY-GOERS.



HE WORKS THE WIRES.  
TELEGRAPHER JAMES KEENAN, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR LIGHTNING CALCULATORS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



MARGUERITE ST. JOHN,  
A FASCINATING ENGLISH ACTRESS OF FAIR FACE, BUXOM FIGURE AND STELLING HISTRIONIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.



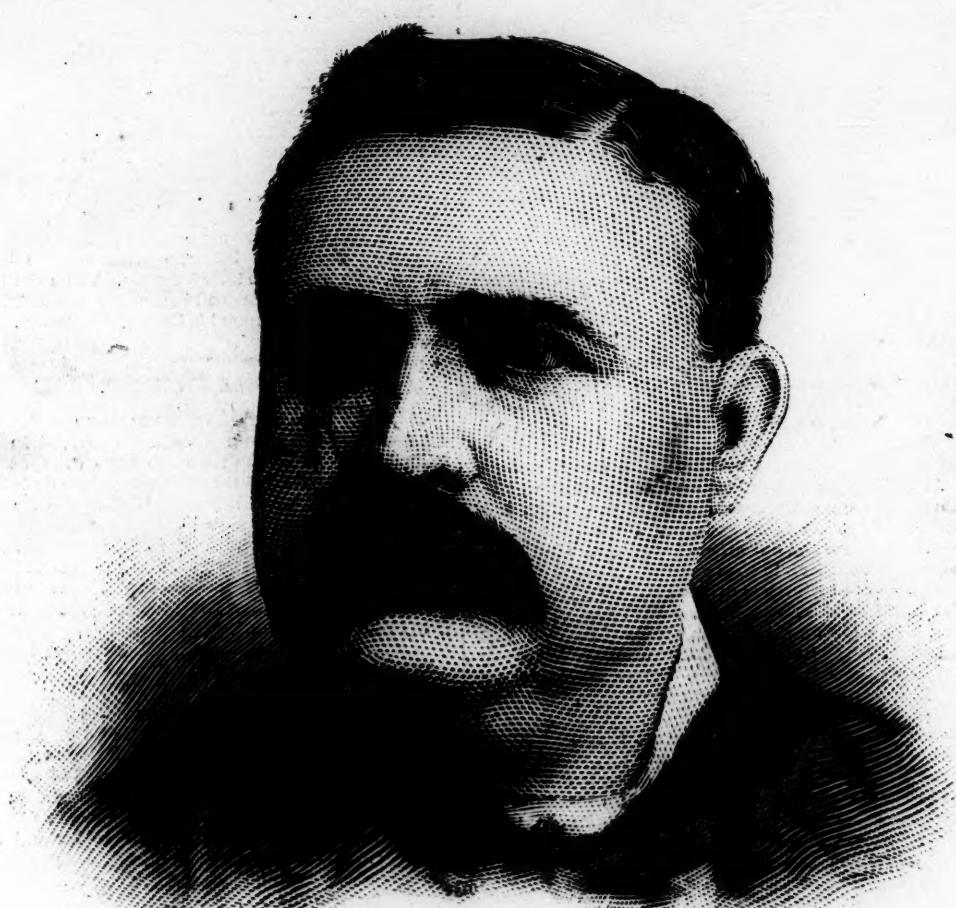
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A GOOD RIDER.

THOMAS HALES, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY, WHO HAS PILOTED MANY RACERS TO VICTORY.



FRANK LLOYD,

A GENIAL ADVERTISING AGENT OF ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WHO IS ALSO A VOCALIST.



LEO HOOPER,

A SUCCESSFUL MUSEUM MANAGER AND JOLLY GOOD-FELLOW, NOW LOCATED IN BUTTE CITY, MONT.



HE HANDLED SLAVIN.

JACK START, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH TRAINER OF PUGILISTS, WHO HAS PUT IN CONDITION MANY WELL KNOWN FIGHTERS.



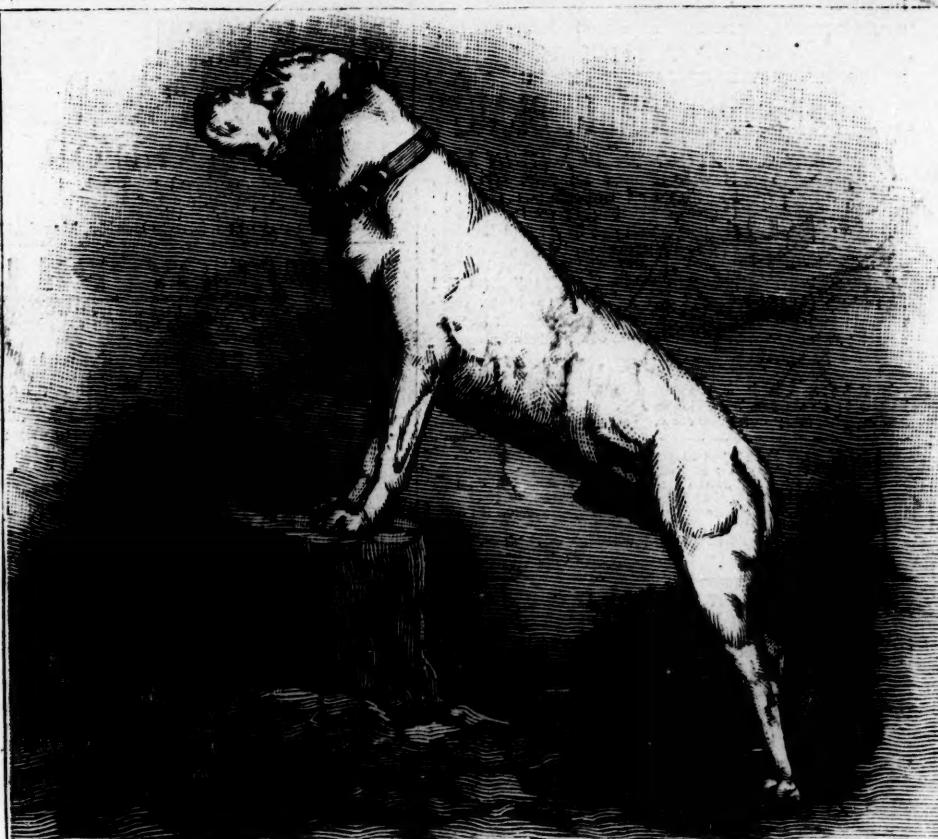
A RAPID TWIRLER.

G. G. SMITH, THE LIVELY PITCHER OF THE KINSLEY, KAN., BASEBALL CLUB, WHOSE RECORD IS WITHOUT REPROACH.



A BRAVE POLICEMAN.

POLICE OFFICER THOMAS LANNING, OF PINE BLUFFS, ARK., WHO WAS RECENTLY WOUNDED WHILE QUELLING A DISTURBANCE.



HARD TO DOWN.

PRITCH, A FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG ALWAYS READY FOR A SORRY, OWNED BY GENIAL DICK GORMAN, OF ALLENTOWN, PA.

## BIRCHALL HUNG!

For the Murder of Frederick C. Benwell.

GAME UP TO THE END.

Asserting His Innocence to the Last.

HIS BRAZEN INDIFFERENCE.

The Story of the Crime in Blenheim Swamp.

CANADIAN LAW VINDICATED.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]  
J. Reginald Birchall, otherwise known as "Rex" Birchall, was strangled to death by order of the law in the Woodstock Jail yard on the early morning of Friday, Nov. 14, for the murder of Frederick C. Benwell in a Blenheim, Ont., swamp, on Feb. 17 of the present year.



*Richard K. Fox  
Oct. 1890*

The full particulars of the crime were published in book form by Richard K. Fox, and can always be obtained upon application at this office. The book was submitted to Birchall in his cell, and he was so greatly pleased with it that he immediately forwarded a specimen of his own artistic handiwork, which is reproduced in this column.

The book is so complete in its description of facts in connection with Birchall's career that there is no necessity of reproducing those facts here.

From the moment of his incarceration Birchall assumed a demeanor of nonchalance that was astonishing. Later on he meditated, and at times grew sad, but upon the approach of a visitor he was all brightness again.

Even up to the day of his execution he asserted his innocence of the terrible crime laid at his door, and

there are many who believe that he was guiltless of the murder, although there is no doubt that he had brought Benwell from England for the purpose of fleecing him, and was indirectly the cause of his murder. In the minds of the majority, however, Birchall led Benwell to the swamp and there killed him in cold blood. In any event, he was convicted to die on the gallows, and the law was vindicated on the date mentioned.

When Sheriff Perry entered Birchall's cell and announced that everything was in readiness for the execution, Birchall announced that he, too, was ready. In order to facilitate matters and make everything easy for Hangman Thomas Ratley, Rex had donned a

flannel shirt with a rolling collar. In order to make himself presentable he had attired himself in a neat suit, bottomed by a pair of patent-leather shoes. He had also had himself closely shaven, except as to his ever carefully attended to mustache, and when he emerged from his cell, supported on one side by his *Fidus achates*, Arthur Leetham, and on the other by the Sheriff's son, George Perry, he looked as "neat as a pin," and one might have supposed that he was going to a picnic rather than to his death.

A murmur of pity ran through the crowd as he came out fully into view on the stone steps of the jail, and the procession halted for a moment as the aged Sheriff was helped painfully down them to the ground. Birchall seemed not to hear it or to heed it. When he had reached the ground and taken about ten short steps toward the gallows the procession again came to a halt. Then it was that the mental torture of the man began. It was this walk to the gallows which he had always most dreaded, thinking that the actual hanging would be a painless thing, and little dreaming of the bodily suffering it was in reality to bring him. And here, right in the midst of the walk to the gallows, with the noose dangling before his face and the fierce eyes of the hangman staring boldly at him, he was brought to a dead standstill, and kept there through nearly four minutes, every one of which seemed an hour, while the clergyman droned out with shaking voice the words of the burial service. For even the spectators it became almost unbearable. They moved uneasily about, and breathed in short, quick gasps.

At last, when it seemed that endurance could go no further, the procession moved again, and Birchall stood beneath the gallows. There was no platform or boarding. He stood on the bare ground. Here for another interval he stood facing the spectators, who, with hats off, were staring at him with strained eyes. The never-ending service went on and on, but at last stopped, and in an instant the hangman's hand was on



HANGMAN THOMAS RATLEY.

Birchall's shoulder. The procession had led him directly beneath the dangling noose, and this was not according to the hangman's plans. It was his idea to put Birchall over to one side, so that he should be jerked obliquely into the air, and for this purpose he moved him over close to the eastern support of the gallows.

Then Leetham came forward and Birchall grasped his hand as well as he could with his pinioned arms, and pulling him toward himself fervently kissed him. Then he shook hands with the sheriff and afterward with the clergyman, whom he also kissed. Then his legs were tightly strapped together, the noose put about his neck, and the black cap put on his head, but not drawn down, and for the moment suggesting the black Astrakhan cap which Birchall wore on the fatal Feb. 17, when he was seen on the way to the swamp with the ill-starred Benwell. All this took but a moment, and then the clergyman began reciting the Lord's Prayer. Birchall's eyes to the very last moment, when the black cap was drawn over them, were fixed upon the face of his old Harrow schoolmate, Leetham, who almost turned away and seemed half bewildered with the misery of the moment.

It is not our desire or intention to describe the execution. Suffice it to say that Birchall was strangled to death. The physicians pronounced him dead after he had hung for six minutes and had apparently suffered untold agony.

NEW CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER OMERO PRICE, BY MAIL, 10 CENTS. ADDRESS TO RICHARD K. FOX, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

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## SHE RAWHIDED HIM.

Miss Mary Phillips's Dander Whoops.

## AGED ARTHUR ORR TROUNCHED.

An Exciting Scene in Maplewood, Ohio.

## PROSECUTION ANTICIPATED.

The village of Maplewood is a suburb of Cincinnati, O., and is located in Hamilton county. Recently it was the scene of a scandalous encounter between a young woman and an elderly man, and the whole county is now discussing the particulars of the contretemps.

One morning recently the passengers awaiting the arrival of the 6 o'clock train for the city were astounded to witness the young lady spring at the old man and attempt to clutch him by the throat.

Upraised in her hand was a small rawhide, which, with a whistling swish, descended two or three times on the shoulders of the man.



SHE PULLS HER LITTLE COWHIDE.

The struggle lasted but a minute or two, and was ended by Mr. Metzger interfering and taking the rawhide. Both parties hurriedly went to their homes, but later took different trains for the city. Orr and his wife had not returned at a late hour, and the presumption was that they had gone to the residence of their son, Dr. Orr, in Newport.

Mr. Metzger is a popular attache of the Big Four Railroad office at Fourth and Vine streets. He was disinclined to talk about the matter, as he understood the Orrs proposed to prosecute, and he wished first to take legal advice. He said, however, that notwithstanding frequent warnings the conduct of Orr had at last become unendurable, and his sister-in-law was forced to take summary action. If the scandalous talk did not cease there would be more trouble.

Mr. Metzger did not care to enter into a discussion of the annoyance Miss Phillips had been subjected to, but would merely refer the reporter to their neighbors in Maplewood, who were all familiar with the facts. The cowhiding had not hurt Orr. It was only intended to teach him a lesson and make him cease

to walk by them, and as he passed made some remark, to which one of the trio replied. The next instant Phillips handed a rawhide to his sister. Orr was within easy reach, and the whip descended two or three times on his shoulders before he could dodge. The blows, however, were almost harmless.

Just then Mrs. Orr, who must have followed the party to the depot under the apprehension that something was going to happen, ran screaming up the Wayne avenue steps and grappled with Miss Phillips for possession of the weapon.



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A FIGHT FOR THE COWHIDE.

his annoyance. The affair had almost prostrated Miss Phillips and would probably cause serious sickness. The encounter is generally talked about in Maplewood, and Miss Phillips seems to have the sympathy of the entire community.

## SLAVIN AND JACKSON.

The Sydney, New South Wales, *Referee* says: "Peter Jackson hung around America until he was sick at heart and weary with waiting, trying to coax John L. Sullivan into a rope area, but in vain. John did not cotton to that job at any price, and has now taken to play-acting for a living, so that it is utterly hopeless for Peter and his friends to think of ever meeting the man. By his conduct Sullivan has lost all claim to be considered the champion of the world, and to quit fooling after a showman and definitely settle who is the best man now breathing has been the task of the plucky and generous Melbourne Athletic Club, and for this purpose they offered Peter Jackson a purse of £2,000 to meet Slavin in their club. 'That will suit me,' was Peter's immediate reply, and then this enterprising and cute club committee cabled to Slavin, and he replied that he was on the job with his mouth open, and his backers at once put up £100 as a guarantee of good faith, the match to take place in March next in the rooms of the Melbourne Club.

"Jackson was again communicated with, and agreed willingly to all the terms offered, and his backers sent over £100 to cover Slavin's money, so that the greatestistic event of modern times is virtually settled, and the men will meet and decide who is really the world's champion. I am sorry Slavin has accepted, because I wish that he might meet John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell before tackling Peter Jackson, as I feel and still feel certain that the Maitland giant could get away with either or both of them at any time; and it would have stopped the tongues of carping critics if he had their scalps in his belt when he faced Peter."

## A TALENTED ACTRESS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]  
The graceful form and handsome features of Miss Annie Williams, the charming soubrette and nimble dancer, are portrayed on our dramatic page this week. Few, if any, are more popular with play-goers than Miss Williams.

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING.—Elegant new photographs of all the pugilists and athletes, size 30x24 inches. Price \$1.50 each. Send for catalogue. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

## PUGILIST CLIFFORD.

He Shoots D. A. Greever,  
Supposably Justifiably.

## MRS. CLIFFORD'S STORY.

The Well Known Stockman's  
Love.

## A KANSAS CITY CRIME.

Stockman David A. Greever died at Kansas City, Mo., on Nov. 9. The man who shot him is Pugilist Charles Clifford, of this city, but who was temporarily sojourning in the town on the Big Muddy.

The cause of the tragedy was the handsome wife of Clifford, whose great personal charms had tempted Greever, so it is claimed, to enter her room, where a few moments later he exulted his rash proceeding in his life's blood.

The shooting was done partly in the room of the Clifford and partly in the hallway outside, one shot being fired with Mrs. Clifford as the only witness beside the principal, while two other shots were fired outside. The room where the tragedy occurred opens on a hall, and fronts on Campbell near Fifteenth street. In front of one of the windows of this room is

and in perfect order. Greever demanded as he entered the barn a pistol, and when asked what for said that the folks across at the hotel had put up a job on him and shot him, and he put his hand under his coat on the wound, and then withdrew it all covered with blood.

Another significant circumstance is that at the time Greever went to Mrs. Clifford's room, Mr. Clifford was in the saloon connected with the hotel talking to Bar-



CHARLES CLIFFORD.

tender Fagin. The latter wanted a corkscrew which Clifford had borrowed a night or two before and they went together to the latter's rooms upstairs for the purpose of getting it, when they found the door locked, and Clifford then entered the room by means of the balcony, into which windows opened from both the hall and the Cliffords' rooms.

The bartender, Fagin, explains his presence there by saying that he and the Cliffords were old friends, in fact, that he was at one time engaged to marry Mrs. Clifford's sister.

Another thing in Fagin's favor is that after the first shot was fired in the room and Greever rushed out, with Clifford in pursuit, he grabbed the latter and tried to prevent his shooting again, but that the latter fired twice more, despite the fact that his arms were pinioned by Fagin's grasp, and that of the two shots one took effect, the other going wide of the mark and, spending the full length of the hall, lodged in the window frame at the opposite end.

Greever's ante-mortem statement may be viewed in two lights also. One is that a man on his death bed would hardly tell a lie, and again, under the circumstances, a lie might be preferable, especially in the presence of his wife and child, to the shameful truth, if it was as Mrs. Clifford claims.

When interviewed Mrs. Clifford said that she did not know what time it was, but as she was sitting by the window reading there was a knock at the door and she



D. A. GREEVER.

said "come in." Mr. Greever, to whom she had been introduced by Mrs. Ball, the landlady, and whom she had met several times at the table, entered, and throwing his hat and overcoat, taking the latter garment off, onto the lounge, stepped up close to her.

"Why, Mr. Greever," she exclaimed, "whom do you wish to see, Mr. Clifford or me?"

"I want to see you, and alone," she says, he replied, and added: "I've been wanting to see you for some



GEEVER AND MRS. CLIFFORD.

time." He attempted to kiss her and tried to take her by the hand and lead her into the adjoining room.

"If you will go with me you will never regret it."

Mrs. Clifford insists that Mr. Greever insulted her in a grossly outrageous manner, and offered her money to submit to his desires, and while she says some things in connection therewith which other witnesses disprove, yet the main part of her statement seems to be borne out by facts.

Mr. Greever, on the other hand, on what he believed to be his deathbed, to the coroner and in the presence of his wife, from whom he had been some time separated, pending a divorce suit she instituted, and their little child, positively declared that the probably fatal attempt on his life was the result of his resistance to a desperate attempt to blackmail.

Greever, after being shot, tottered through the hall and down stairs, assisted by Dr. Wedding, whose office is in the hotel building, and thence across the street to Purl Parker's livery stable, from which place he was taken to his home at 1,203 East Fifteenth street in a carriage, and Drs. Griffith and Rogers summoned to assist Dr. Wedding. They pronounced his wound fatal, the bullet having entered the back and passed through the liver. The wounded man called for the coroner, to whom he made a statement.

About five minutes after the shooting Clifford was arrested in his rooms by Officer Sherlock, to whom he gave his revolver, a 38-calibre double-action Smith & Wesson, and was taken to Station No. 4 and locked up.

Mrs. Clifford claims that Greever entered her room and throwing off his overcoat and hat and locking the door assaulted her. In substantiation she pointed to an overcoat and black slouch hat which lay on the lounge in the room, and which she said were Greever's just where he had thrown them. She also said that he unbuttoned his coat and vest and loosened his other garments.

As against this is the statement of Purl Parker, the livery stable man. He says that Mr. Greever, accompanied by George Keck, of the Fish & Keck commission firm, and Fred Tainter, were in his stable to get Keck's and Greever's horses and buggies, and that while the animals were being hitched up Greever excused himself, saying that he would step across to the hotel, where he took his meals, and pay Mrs. Ball, the proprietress, what he owed her. When he went over, Mr. Parker says, he carried his overcoat on his arm, so that it was a very natural action, on entering Mrs. Clifford's room, to throw the coat and his hat on the lounge. As to his having unbuttoned other garments there is only the statement of Mrs. Clifford. Parker says that when Greever returned to the barn, about fifteen minutes later, all his garments were buttoned

and she says he said, and that he told her that he was going out to his farm that afternoon to sell a fine colt, and that whatever he realized by that sale would be hers.

"Go away," she told him, "for my husband may come in any minute."

"I don't care for your husband," he replied, "I am as big as you and him put together."

He still continued in his attempts to kiss her and to pull her towards the adjoining room, while she resisted, but did not scream. Suddenly there was a footstep in the hall outside, and a hand tried the door-knob.

"That's my boy," said Mrs. Clifford; "let me unlock the door and let him in."

"—the kid," said Mr. Greever. "I don't care for the kid. I'll give him a quarter and send him for some candy."

Mrs. Clifford still believed it was her little four-year-old boy, and was not undeceived until she heard a step on the balcony outside the open window, and the next instant her husband leaped into the room.

"Why, you — — —," she says he exclaimed, "is this the way you treat me when I am away? Belle, who's that man?"

"Don't accuse me, Charley, before you hear it all," she answered. "This man came into my room and locked the door," and then she told him the nature of the proposition that had been made to her. Before she had finished her explanation Greever had grappled with her husband, who was trying to draw a pistol, but the latter was too quick and fired a shot, when



CLIFFORD SHOOTS GREEVER.

Greever unlocked the door and darted into the hall, closely followed by Clifford, pistol in hand. He fired twice more at the fleeing man, while being held by Bartender Fagin. Mrs. Clifford sank into a rocker, where she still sat when her husband re-entered the room, and then she explained to him how Greever came into the room and the insulting propositions he had made.

"I was still talking to him," she said, "when a policeman came in, and Charley gave him his pistol and surrendered, and Charley was taken away. I don't know how bad that man is shot, but I hope he will die; he deserves to for acting toward me as he did. Why, I didn't know him at all, only as a boarder. Mrs. Ball introduced me to him, in her room, and in the two weeks we have been here I met him only at meal time."

Mrs. Clifford's maiden name was Belle Fairchild. She is the daughter of J. P. Fairchild, who formerly had the street sprinkling contract in this city. About ten years ago she removed with her parents to Lincoln, Neb., and it was while there that she went on a visit to St. Louis and met Charles Clifford. She accompanied him to St. Charles one day, and there they were married eight years ago. One child, a bright little lad of four years, is the result of that union.

Justice Worthen committed Clifford for trial without bail, but it is more than likely that he will be exonerated.

## A BLOODY RIOT.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few nights ago, Company A, State troops, of Ann Arbor, Mich., turned out to serenade a member just married. They fired a volley while at the house and the report killed over thousand students. The students gaged the soldiers, and Lieut. Granger in command ordered two charges. Most vicious and fierce fighting followed.

Irving Denison, a student and son of Supt. Denison, of Toledo, died the next day from his injuries, and two more will die. The boys are wild with rage at Granger and will lynch him if they lay hands on him. He had no right to call out the company, and was forbidden to do so by the Mayor. No arrests have been made yet. Numbers of the militia were hurt by stones thrown by students.

## YUM, YUM!

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. Feamore Smith, of Guttenburg, N. J., recently went on a kissing expedition in Hoboken. He was thrown down a high stoop three times, pounded over the head with a polo stick, punched in the face, and afterwards locked up in jail.

Mrs. Acker had a little gathering at her house, 173 Park avenue. When her guests, Mrs. Hallarf and Mrs. Behrens, were leaving, Mrs. Acker stepped out to the stoop. Mrs. Acker was saying good-night to her friends, when a man staggered up the stoop. He threw his arms wildly about Mrs. Hallarf's neck. He held her tightly and attempted to shower kisses upon her face. All the ladies screamed. When Mrs. Hallarf recovered herself she pushed her drunken assailant, and he fell to the bottom of the stoop. He was up in an instant, and had his arms around Mrs. Hallarf's neck again before she could prevent him. Again he tried to kiss her, and again he tumbled down the high brown-stone stoop.

Still he was not conquered. He picked himself up again, and a third time he reached the top of the stoop. This time he threw his arms around Mrs. Behrens and attempted to kiss her. While he was tumbling down the stoop the second time Mrs. Acker ran into her house and got her boy's polo stick. Mrs. Acker pounded him on the head with the stick, and then the three ladies tumbled him down the stoop for the third time.

The women's screams attracted a big crowd in front of the house, and brought Mr. Hallarf from an house. When he heard of the insult to his wife, he grasped the physician and slapped his face. Mr. Acker heard of the excitement while on his way home. He hurried, and managed to reach the house while the doctor was in the hands of Mr. Hallarf. Mr. Acker was about to thrash the doctor without mercy. He discovered the man's drunken condition, however, and decided to have him arrested instead.

## STOLE THE GIRL.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Carrie Schmitz, the daughter of a Hazelwood (near Custer City), Pa., storekeeper, who had a friend sleeping with her, was awakened by a noise in her room a few nights ago. She saw a big burly fellow putting her father's gold watch into his pocket. Miss Carrie screamed.

The big fellow picked her up and ran out. She fought desperately. Her friend fainted, but soon recovered, ran to the room where Carrie's mother slept. The two screamed out of the window, and Schmitz came from the store. They found Carrie, bleeding and unconscious, at the rear end of the lot, she having been beaten by her assailant.

## HE BEAT HIS WIFE.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Emil Wueifrodt, of Terre Haute, Ind., who found employment in occasionally beating his wife, was warned by the women living in his neighborhood that a repetition of the offense would entitle him to a first-class flogging. Wueifrodt promised reformation, but one night recently he again assaulted his wife, who ran screaming into the street. Several infuriated women rushed from their houses, armed with rawhides, and thrashed Wueifrodt unmercifully. He ran down the street pursued by the angry regulators, who brought their weapons down on his shoulders and across his face at every jump. Wueifrodt, howling with pain, quickened his pace and finally escaped.

## FRANK LLOYD.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Frank Lloyd, who some years ago was one of the most prominent comic and bufo vocalists in Australia, is now running, in conjunction with Mr. D. M. Beynon, a flourishing advertising business in Adelaide, South Australia. Being genial, generous and of a kindly disposition, it is not to be wondered at. He is well liked and thoroughly appreciated wherever he goes. His popularity extends over nearly the whole of Australia, and he is acknowledged to be one of the most successful specialty advertising agents in the Antipodes, and although having relinquished the stage for some time past, is ever ready to lend a helping hand at benefits or charitable concerts. His portrait will be found elsewhere.

## A FIENDISH DEED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The people of Callaway County, Mo., are greatly excited over the recent actions of William Rice, the son of a prominent farmer. Several days ago he committed an assault on Miss Abbie Yount. He beat her in a most terrible manner and then threatened to kill her if she revealed to anyone what had occurred. The girl's father and a number of the farmers of the county are searching for the young man, who will, undoubtedly, be lynched if caught.

## TWO OF A KIND.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Thomas McCarthy, who lives in the outskirts of Crystal Lake, a suburb of Minneapolis, Minn., was awakened a few nights ago by the noise of some one breaking into his house. Going to the sitting room he found Charles F. Samler and his wife in the room. Mrs. Samler drew a revolver and pointed it at McCarthy, who was struggling with her husband. The two got away with \$60 in cash and McCarthy's gold watch. Later the two were arrested.

## HE HANDLED SLAVIN.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Start, whose portrait is published in this issue, is one of the best known trainers of pugilists in England. He trained Frank P. Slavin in his recent fight with Joe McAuliffe, also when Slavin beat Bill Goode. He has also handled a number of other fighters who have come out victorious.

## A RAPID TWIRLER.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

On our sporting page in this issue we reproduce a portrait of C. G. Smith, a member of the Kinsley, Kan., Baseball Club. Smith has quite a record as a pitcher, and is well-known in western Kansas. He is considered the coming pitcher.

## A BRAVE POLICEMAN.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

On page thirteen of this issue we reproduce a portrait of Police Officer Thomas Loring, of Pine Bluff, Ark. Loring was seriously wounded recently, while attempting to quell a disturbance. He is very popular and has a host of friends.

## LEO HOOPER.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most successful museum managers in the west is Leo Hooper, of Butte City, Montana. Mr. Hooper made a great hit at the Columbia Gardens in 1889. His name as a manager is famed.

## A GOOD RIDER.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Thomas Hales, the famous Australian jockey. Hales has won many notable races on the Australian turf. He is a first-class judge of pace and a vigorous finisher.

## HARD TO DOWN.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found a portrait of the famous fighting dog Fritch, owned by Dick Gorman, of Allentown, Pa. The dog has won many hard-fought battles.

L. A. W. BICYCLE SUITS.—LEAGUE REGULATION CAP. \$1.25 each; League regulation shirt, fannel or cheviot, \$2.00 each; League regulation hose, \$1.00 per pair; League regulation belt, silk, 50 cents each; League regulation shoes, best, \$5.00 per pair. Send all orders to RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

"POLICE GAZETTE" RUNNING SHOES, SIX SPIKES. Finest calf hand-made, \$4.00 per pair; good quality hand-made, \$2.00 per pair, RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



## THE BIRCHALL-BENW

## THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS CANADA CRIME, AND OF THOSE MOST DEEPLY INTERESTING

I.—Reginald Birchall. II.—Frederick C. Benwell. III.—Benwell After Death. IV.—Mrs. Birchall. V.—Justice Macmahon. VI.—Sheriff Perry. VII.—Detective Murray  
 XIII.—Deft's Counsel G. T. Blackstock. XIV.—Deft's Counsel S. G. McKay. XV.—Spiritual Adviser Rev. Mr. Wade. XVI.—Where the Body Was Found. XVII.—  
 Procession to the Gallows, Showing Birchall's Cell On the Right.

**FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN**



## THE BIRCALL MURDER CASE.

RECORDED IN IT, TOLD IN A DECIDEDLY PICTURESQUE AND COMPREHENSIVE MANNER

Murray. **II.**—Geo. Elvidge, Who Found the Body. **IX.**—Principal Witness, Miss Alice Smith. **X.**—Jailer Cameron. **XI.**—Prosecutor F. R. Ball. **XII.**—Prosecutor B. B. Osler. **XVII.**—Court Room Scene. **XVIII.**—Woodstock, Ont., Jail, (x) Showing Location of Birchall's Cell. **XIX.**—Woodstock Town Hall, Where the Trial Was Held. **XX.**—The

"CANADIAN POLICE GAZETTE" ARTISTS.

## OUR BIG PUGILISTS.

Charley Mitchell's Monster Reception.

## JOE COBURN DYING.

## JOE COBURN DYING.

Joe Coburn, the once famous champion pugilist who never met with defeat in the prize ring, is dying of consumption in this city, and his friends think that he has but a short time to live. Several sporting men arranged to give him a benefit but a hall could not be procured with the consent of the police. If another attempt to bring off a benefit proves unsuccessful, arrangements will be made to have it in Brooklyn or Jersey City.

Coburn's most important match was in England with Jim Mace, for \$2,000 a side and the championship of the world. Before making the match, however, the Mace party pitted Joe Goss, Tom Allen and Bill Ryall against Joe to see what he could do. He beat them all. Coburn tossed for choice of battle-ground with Mace, which was to be within 600 miles of London. Coburn won the toss, and he selected the country in which he was born. Mace finally forfeited the \$200. Coburn returned to America and challenged Mace, but the latter wouldn't accept. Finally Mace came to America, and opened a saloon on Twenty-third street near Sixth Avenue.

A little later they met at Port Dover, Canada. After fighting one hour and fifteen minutes, and neither having struck a blow, the sheriff and a posse of deputies appeared and ordered them off Canadian soil. Dick Hollywood, the referee, commanded the men to meet at the Roade House, Erie, Penn., at 8 o'clock the following morning. Coburn, on arriving at the hotel, went up to Mace's room and offered to fight him then and there.

Mace refused to do anything but what the referee ordered. Hollywood then named Kansas City as the place of fighting. Coburn declined, as it was a violation of the rules, which called for the battle ground to be within 500 miles of New York. The men were matched again for \$6,000 a side and the championship. The battle took place at Bay City, Miss., in the latter part of 1872, and during a terrible rain storm. After fighting three hours and thirty minutes, and a greater part of the time up to their knees in mud, the referee called the fight a draw.

## TWO RATTLING MILLS.

A rattling mill was fought near Bay Ridge, L. I., on Nov. 18, between Denny Leahy and Jack Boyle. The men fought for a purse of \$200 according to "Police Gazette" rules. Dick Carroll was referee. A select number of spectators journeyed to witness the affair. Leahy started the fighting, and hit Boyle several good blows before the first round ended.

Leahy did the best work in the third round, and in the fifth Boyle rushed his man and drew first blood. Boyle punished his opponent well in the seventh round, and had the better of the fight up to the nineteenth round. Then they clinched, and in breaking away Leahy struck Boyle below the belt, doubling him up.

John Van Heest, the feather-weight of Buffalo, defeated Martin Neary of Philadelphia, in a hotly contested 7-round fight at Rock City, Pa., on Nov. 13, just over the State line. Neary was knocked out in the seventh round by a left hand swing on the point of the jaw. He made a game fight, however, and took some terrific punishment.

Neary weighed 122 pounds, and was seconded by Tom Clark and Jack Lynch. Van Heest tipped the scales at 127 pounds, and his interests were looked after by Mike Leahy and Tom Manning. Jim O'Donnell of Bridgeport, Conn., was referee.

## TOM HARRINGTON VS. BUD RYAN.

A merry mill was fought on Long Island on Nov. 12, between Bud Ryan and Tom Harrington. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$300. Alf Sanders, of New York, was referee.

It was a hammer-and-tongs affair. The boys went in to win the money quickly, but after 5 rounds they tired themselves and had to go lightly for a couple of rounds. Then they went at each other and punched hard, with honors about even up to the final blow.

This was administered by Harrington. It was a swinging right-hander, and caught Ryan on the point of the jaw. Ryan went up against a wooden partition and dropped to the floor like one shot. Both boys were severely marked on the face, and Harrington's left ear was badly cut.

## GEORGE FRANKLIN DEFEATS TOBY LEE.

In London, England, on Oct. 27, there was a rattlingistic encounter, for \$250, between George Franklin, of Bermondsey, and Toby Lee, of the Borough. The pair have met once previously in a competition, which Franklin won, but Toby being by no means satisfied with the decision on the occasion, thought he would be able to turn the tables if a number of rounds were contested, hence the present match; but once more Franklin proved his superiority, though the loser deserves the greatest credit for the plucky and determined manner in which he persevered through the twelve desperate rounds fought.

## CHARLEY MITCHELL'S RECEPTION.

It is an old saying that you cannot keep a cork under water, and this phrase was exemplified by the rousing reception Charley Mitchell, the well-knownistic hero, held at the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, on Oct. 24. The Washington is one of the most famous music halls in London, and is owned by George W. Moore, the ever-blushing, popular "Pony," and Charley Mitchell is the general manager. The testimonial to Mitchell was one of the biggest events in the spiraling amusement line ever held at the Washington, and conclusively proves that Mitchell is still one of the pugilistic lions of England.

Among the sports present were: Jack Start, Slavin's trainer; Gus Brown, Jack Wannop, Mr. Patty, Wannop's backer; "Chesterfield" Goode, D. Richards, the famous billiard player; Alf Mitchell, Charley Rowell, Mitchell's old friend and trainer; Jim Carney, the undefeated; Mick Tier, "Good Old Mick," of Australia, one of Slavin's staunch supporters; Charley Parsons, Slavin's supporters; George Fuller, Gene Stratton, G. W. Atherton, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the New York Police Gazette, who was loudly cheered, and elicited a few friendly remarks from "Pony" of the most complimentary nature; Alex Roberts, George Please, Slavin's backer; Billy Madden, to whom Mitchell almost pathetically referred to as his friend, who first took him to America and helped to build up his fortune; Jack Lewis, Slavin's manager; and finally Frank Slavin and Joe McAuliffe, who were cheered to the echo.

McAuliffe, in response, simply thanked the company, and then it was Slavin's turn. He said it gave him great pleasure to support an old pal and boxer in a more profitable business than that of pugilism, and he wished him every success. He was only too pleased to be present and rally round one of England's best boxers. He was a pal of Pony's and Charley's, but in boxing as in billiards, the game was not up until it was over, when one man could say to another, I am better than you. He was delighted to be present that evening, and intended to do everything in his power to uphold the honor and prestige of boxing. Pony, at this juncture, exhibited a present from Mr. Richard K. Fox to Charley Mitchell's children, and created great amusement by accidentally dropping one of the fagots into the footlights. Having been promptly rescued, Pony, in the exuberance of his feelings, once more committed the unfortunate fagot to the flames amid great laughter, but it was quickly hauled up, and the casket converted to a haven of safety.

When the building was cleared supper was sumptuously served to the privileged company in the billiard room. Mrs. G. W. Moore, Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mrs. Eugene Stratton, Mrs. George Moore, Katie Lawrence and lady friends, with Pat Shortie, Dan Baker, "Paul Fry," Charley Rowell, Gene Stratton and George Fuller occupying seats at the head of the table on the left of Mr. Richard K. Fox; while Mr. Parsons, Mr. Please, Slavin, Mc-

Auliffe, Billy Madden, Teddy Bayley, Jim Carney, Mr. B. Abrams, the eminent solicitor; Mick Tier, Jack Lewis and T. Williams were on the right of Pony Moore and G. Mitchell, who officiated as chairmen. After supper speeches ruled supreme. Mrs. Pony Moore's health was drunk, and gracefully responded to. Then came the irrepressible Pony, who excelled himself in language and effect. Mr. Richard K. Fox followed with "The Ladies, God bless them," and modestly acknowledged his inferiority to the fair sex. After paying them a graceful compliment, he drifted into boxing and boxers; and referred to the enterprise of the Police Gazette. He passed to him in Frank Slavin, and highly extolled the ability of the great fighter, adding that it was his (Fox's) ambition to have a champion boxer, and another every way the advancement and honor of the noble art. He had proved by money and trophies that the one great aim and object of his life was to better the condition of boxers and their profession, and he always intended, in view of every obstacle, to shape his course to that direction.

In response to his health, Slavin announced that he came to this country in search of fame and what money he could get comparatively speaking, a poor man. Bill Goods gave him the first chance, and he never intended to forget him. (He) Slavin never refused to meet any man, and fought them without fear or favour. He never made excuses, and said before his last fight, that if defeated, he would stand confessed without a single excuse. His backers were ready to find him money to fight any man in the world, and although he had made England his home, he intended at any and every time to go where glory awaited him, in order to vindicate his supreme right to be considered champion.

## HARRY GODDARD DEFEATED.

Harry Goddard, a brother to Joe Goddard, the champion of the Barrier, and Jack Slavin engaged in an eight-round glove contest, for a purse at Apollo Hall, Melbourne, on Sept. 6. Goddard was looked after by his brother Joe, whilst Jack Barnett and Bill Slavin had charge of Jack Slavin. Prior to the contest Martin Costello introduced Billy Murphy, who was very cordially received. Billy Murphy was chosen as referee. Messrs. Harris and Curran judges, and Mr. Sam Allen timekeeper. Goddard had about a stone the best of the weight, and was in fairly good condition. The whole of the eight rounds were contested in favor of Slavin, who, by-the-way, is brother to Slavin, the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and when the referee announced that he had won, his decision was received with ringing cheers. There is a probability of the pair meeting again.

## BARTLETT AND SIMMONS.

A slapping mill was fought at Hoboken, N. J., on Nov. 14, between Jim Bartlett and Reddy Simmons. They fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse.

Simmons was seconded by Jim Bray and Fred Ayres, and Bartlett was handled by Ike Tracy and Sam Sloane. Frank McCloskey was the referee and Tom Brown timekeeper.

When it was known that Bartlett won first blood in the first round by a left-hander on Simmons's lip, and was promptly knocked down by a right-hander on the eye, and that there were five other clean knock-downs, three for Simmons and two for Bartlett, before the fourth round was over, an idea can be formed of how the fighters fought.

It was a case of do or die with each, and before ten rounds were ended they were both terribly marked. Then the lads tired a little, and spared for wind for a couple of rounds.

Simmons was the first to recover. In the fourteenth round he recovered his second wind and did some tall rushing, belaboring Bartlett all the time. Bartlett seemed to be giving out at one time, but in the seventeenth round he made a strong rally, and his friends became excited.

He was too late, however, for he had been beaten too much to allow a permanent recovery. He did his best to stay, and dealt Simmons a couple of sound blows on the stomach before the twenty-second round, but in that round Simmons got in a right-hand uppercut on Bartlett's jaw, and the latter fell over on his back, dead to the world for over a minute.

## THE BRIDGE ATHLETIC CLUB.

The Bridge Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held their boxing tournament at the Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn on Nov. 12. About 3,000 spectators were present and the boxing was first-class, but the same could not be said of the decisions of the referee, which were in many instances unfair and unjust. The prizes were diamond pins to first and gold watches to second.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUND CLASS (bantam weight)—Final bout—Kid Hogan, National A. C., defeated Tommy Larkins, Hanover A. C. The fighting was fierce and the decision was close.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUND CLASS (feather weight)—Final bout—Won by Thos. Creed, who defeated Andy Kelly, Bridge A. C. The fight had to be stopped once on account of the aplague.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUND CLASS (special)—Final bout—F. McNally, Bridge A. C., defeated James Kernoan, American A. C. in less than one round, knocking him out.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE POUND CLASS (light-weight)—First bout—Won by J. Aiken, Nonpareil A. C., who defeated C. F. Langan, Star A. C. Aiken knocked his man out in the second round in 1 minute 45 seconds. This was a savage fight.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE POUND CLASS (bantam weight)—Final bout—Won by Thos. Creed, who defeated Andy Kelly, Bridge A. C. The fight had to be stopped once on account of the aplague.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE POUND CLASS (special)—First bout: This was the fight of the evening. E. W. Closterman, Scottish A. C., defeated James Mallins, West End A. C., who was knocked out in the second round in 1 minute 45 seconds by a blow on the jugular. He lay on the floor for 5 seconds before he could rise.

SECOND BOUT—Won by F. Farrell, Bridge A. C., who defeated F. O'Keefe, West End A. C.

FINAL BOUT—F. Farrell, Bridge A. C., gave the fight to E. W. Closterman, Scottish A. C. as he broke two fingers in his hand with Denny O'Keefe. He took second prize.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT POUND CLASS (MIDDLEWEIGHT)—Final bout: This was a terrible fight between McAuliffe, Bridge A. C., and Jack Pitts, A. A. A. It seemed as if Pitts had knocked McAuliffe out in 30 seconds; but there was life still left in him, and he arose, but time was called. McAuliffe was covered with blood and could not stand. To the surprise of the audience the referee, Frank Crammer, gave the fight to McAuliffe.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope, and enclose your mail: Geo. H. Butler, Frank Beyer, Prof. A. B. Bortman, Peter Cannon, Miss Len Clair, F. J. Clark, J. A. Cuthcart, B. G. Chase, M. J. Connolly, James Crow, W. W. Cote (8), W. H. Casey, Jack Carkeet (wrestler), Jack Connor (wrestler), Bill Dunn, P. Gardill, C. Conly, Mike Donohue, Geo. Dullin, F. A. Davenport, Dally Bros., M. Downing, F. Dear (singer), A. F. Dorsey, E. J. Dorn (pugilist), M. Fraser, James Fox, T. J. Fox (8), H. Gibbs (8), J. W. Griffin, Paddy Gannan, Housaburo Goto, P. J. Hogan, John Hanpon, Mike Hook, Dr. Hammond, Dan Harty (pedestrian), Peter Jackson (8), H. M. Johnson, Dick Towner, Louis Stassenmeyer, Prof. Alphonse King, James E. Kelly, John F. Leonard, Capt. D. Lynch, James Logue, J. G. Lightfoot, Evan Lewis, Prof. Dan Leflin, L. W. Lawless, W. D. McEvilley (8), Frank McMahon, J. H. McCormick, Wm. Miller, P. H. McMahon, Henry McRichard, Prof. Wm. Miller, Ed. H. Neil, J. O'Marra, Paddy O'Fallon, F. Priddy, Dick Phillips, J. J. Quinn, A. M. Ryan, A. Rosenthal, Gen. M. Rosa, M. Sorrelli (Jap), J. A. Snowden (skater), A. Spitz, Frank Slavin, Pat Sheedy, Jacob Schaffer, W. C. Snedeker, Fred. M. Schoemel, Mrs. E. L. Stewart, Al. Stinson, M. L. Thur, E. Thomas (tattooer), Henry Taylor, C. W. Terwilliger, Maurice Tracey (wrestler), Sir Roger Tichborne, Robt. Vint (pedestrian), S. W. Veronica, Chad. Wilkins, H. C. Williamson (8), Frank White, Jos. A. Wetmore, J. H. Watson.

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## THE JURY DISAGREE.

McAuliffe and Slavin to Have Another Chance.

## NEWS FROM ALL OVER.

The following special cable was received at this office:

London, Nov. 17, 1890.

The trial of Joe McAuliffe, the American champion, and Frank P. Slavin, the champion of the world, for engaging in a prize fight for \$1,000 and a purse of \$1,000, was received in New York Nov. 12. The men are to fight on Nov. 25 at the South Omaha Athletic Club at Omaha. The final stakeholder now holds \$1,000. Both men are well known in St. Louis, and Tom Allen, Tom Kelly and a big delegation are going from St. Louis to Omaha to witness the contest.

Our regular correspondent at Kansas City writes: Prof. Quenash is to eat three quail every day (24 hours) for 30 days. Amount \$1,000, \$250 a side. Up to date he has eaten thirty-three and shows no signs of weakening. This match is taking place at John Knauser's, 550 Main street. Knauser is a small eater, formerly with Tony Faust in St. Louis. Knauser accomplished hisfeat, and is one of the party who bets that Quenash will not eat ninety quail in 30 days.

The "Sporting Life," London, Eng., Nov. 8, published the following: "Mr. Richard K. Fox" "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt.—This handsome trophy, the symbol of the world's championship, and won by Frank Slavin in his recent contest with Joe McAuliffe, is en route for England on board the steamer Soria. This is the identical belt that was seized by the Custom House officers at Liverpool when it was sent to England on the occasion of the battle between Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain.

The Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trial Club was finished at Chula, Va., on Nov. 14. The heats run were Gath's Mark against Betty S., and Jack Modoc against Annie F. Birds were fairly plentiful. The weather was cloudy and misty and the attendance light. Under the spotting system the judges announced the winners as follows: Gath's Mark first, Betty S. second and Jack Modoc third. Owing to the scarcity of birds the subject of moving to North Carolina before continuing the trials is being agitated.

At San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 2, there was a slapping mill between Tom Stanton, a jeweler, and James Sullivan, a bartender. The men fought a private match in a vacant house. The fight was the result of a personal quarrel, and was according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules with 8-ounce gloves. Stanton weighed 122 pounds and Sullivan 130. Thirty rounds were fought, during which Sullivan had the best of the fight. Stanton was too weak to stand up for the fourteenth round and Sullivan was given the fight. The men will fight again within the next thirty days.

The A. J. Maekay hose team, of Boulder, Col., at the State Tournament, Oct. 12 and 13, beat the record for a run of 400 feet to plug, lay 200 feet of hose, break coupling and screw pipe up solid. The record made was 29 seconds, and it will be a long time before that record will be broken. The team consisted of E. Post, spike; Albert Sale, M. S. Whiteley, first swing; Ed. Ingram, Clint Fonda, second swing; Homer Hartman; Mel Hart, tongue; Al Fleck, hose puller; Chas. Staley, plugman; Geo. F. Fonda, nozeman. Clint Fonda left the ropes after the plug was passed and broke coupling.

The London "Sporting Life" says: "Pony Moore had a 'surprise' party on the 26th, several of his most intimate friends assembling at Moore House just as the big gong announced dinner. The company included Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Stratton and Billy Madden. After the 'loving cup' had been passed round, Mrs. G. W. Moore presented her husband with a full-length portrait of herself, painted in oils by a celebrated artist, needless to say Pony was highly delighted at this latest pledge of affection on the part of his better half and duly acknowledged it in suitable terms."

Pete De Lacey, the well-known bookmaker, who claims that the Linden Blood Horse Association and the New Jersey Jockey Club were the cause of his pool rooms being closed in New York, has been making strenuous efforts to have the above race tracks closed. The case against the New Jersey Jockey Club was tried on Nov. 11, 12 and 13, and the jury disagreed. It has cost this club thousands of dollars in defending the suit brought against it by De Lacey. It has also cost De Lacey a small fortune in prosecuting Monmouth Park, Elizabeth and Linden race tracks and the bookmakers, but he says he will spend \$100,000 in carrying on the war.

At Liverpool, England, on Nov. 6, Teddy O'Neil, the English pugilist, and Gus Lambert, of New York, were surrounded by their bondsmen, to answer a charge of an attempt to commit a breach of the peace. They were charged on a warrant with distributing bills announcing that they were to box for \$100 a side. There was not much interest taken in the proceedings, judged by the attendance outside the Court, the patrons of racing on business in Liverpool declining to honor the hearing with their presence. The only notables recognized were Jim Mace, Pooley, Paddy Gill, and Welland. They were again put under \$20 bonds to keep the peace, and discharged when the bonds were given.

At St. Louis on Nov. 8, S. J. W. Kennedy, with the Richard K. Fox 1,000-pound dumbbell, gave an exhibition. The Republican, of St. Louis, Nov. 8, in regard to the affair says: "A fair-sized crowd assembled at McGinley's Museum to witness a lifting contest. The management offered \$50 to any person who would lift the 1,000-pound dumbbell. When the contest was announced open several strong-looking men came upon the stage and made vigorous tugs at the big piece of iron, but failed to budge it. Mr. J. W. Kennedy, who holds the trophy offered by the Police Gazette to the person lifting the dumbbell, then came forward, and after working himself to a high tension, lifted the thing fully four inches from the floor."

The great football match between Princeton and Wesleyan colleges was played at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 14. Princeton won 40 points to Wesleyan's 1. The teams lined up in the following order:

## GIBBONS AND CUSHING.

## "Referee's" Dissertation on the Two Pugilists.

## CORBETT AS A THESPIAN.

The defeat of Mike Cushing, the ex-amateur light-weight champion, by Austin Gibbons was a great surprise to the turfmen, jockeys and bookmakers, who looked upon Cushing as invincible at his weight. Cushing's defeat the first time was owing to the fact that he did not, or at least he would not, train. At the time he entered the ring he did not have his wits about him, nevertheless he stood up a chopping block for Gibbons for an hour.

One would have supposed that Cushing's first defeat would have been a big enough dose of medicine for those who lost hundreds of dollars on his failure—but he alone was responsible for—but such was not the case. Sporting men with more money than brains could only see why Cushing was defeated, and they gave his conqueror no credit for winning. In fact, they overrated Cushing and underrated Gibbons, who has been gradually improving ever since he defeated Jack Kenny.

Gibbons lives abominably, takes regular exercise and does not roost about like Cushing. In spite of Cushing's first defeat by Gibbons his admirers, blinded by over-confidence in Cushing's ability, again matched him—if I may call it a match, for they did not restrict Gibbons to weight as they should have done, but allowed him to weigh nearly 160 pounds, while Cushing's fighting weight is 157 pounds.

If Gibbons had allowed Cushing weight it would, in my opinion, have been more like an even match, but here was a case where a beaten man was allowing the man who beat him a weight handicap. Many claim that weight has nothing to do with prize fighting, but difference in weight between two pugilists evenly matched will certainly tell in favor of the man who possesses the most avoidupulos. Weight tells in horse racing, cock fighting or dog fighting, and every one posted will admit that it makes a greater difference where two light-weight are.

Cushing and his backers must have been cajoled into a match or they signed the agreement with their eyes shut, when they failed to restrict Gibbons to weight. The reason was that they were certain Cushing would win and they did not care if his opponent weighed a ton. Those who bet on the fight and did not know the difference in weight were betting their money on conditions which were detrimental to their winning, for the odds that were laid on Cushing should have been double the amount on Gibbons, who had one end, the middle and best of the bargain.

If Cushing and Gibbons had been matched to fight at weight and weigh at the ringside, while the results might not have been different; it is certain that Cushing would have made a better fight. Gibbons might not have had the strength and stamina he displayed at the end of the encounter, while, on the other hand, Cushing would not have tired himself out trying to beat a man over a stone heavier, because he would not have had to exhaust his strength in the hopeless task.

Cushing's admirers lost a few thousand. Many bet fifties and hundreds who did not attend the fight, but they have no one to blame but Cushing and his alleged match-makers, who are evidently new at arranging prize fights and their experience cost them considerable.

I understand that Cushing is eager to again meet Gibbons and fight at weight, and unless Gibbons is right after money it is doubtful if he will again agree to meet Cushing, for there is no glory attached to meeting a man one has twice beaten. Gibbons has proved that he is Cushing's superior, and, it is more than probable that if they should meet again, even at even weights, Gibbons would repeat his victories.

By the way! I understand that Gibbons, with his brother, is going to England, and that he is to challenge every pugilist at his weight in the Land of the Rose. Gibbons will not have to "beat to cover," for he will find plenty of pugilists at his weight ready to meet him and he will not be able to draw a feather over his eye in match-making as he did in the Cushing affair.

It is announced that Jim Corbett is to double up with Peter Jackson and make a tour through the country. Corbett must have lost his ambition to shine as champion of the world and wear the "Police Gazette" championship belt that Frank P. Slavin now girds his loins with. Can it be possible that Corbett is going to box with a pugilist who stands as one of the barriers in his journey to the top of the pugilistic ladder? It reads like a fairy-tale after all of Corbett's boasting about how he could knock out John L. Sullivan, thrash Joe McAuliffe, smother Jake Kilrain and knock smitherens out of Peter Jackson. Corbett has probably heard of Sullivan and Kilrain as actors, and Charley Mitchell's success in London, as a theatrical manager, and has become so stage struck that he is eager to follow in their footsteps.

In my opinion, the new departure of the heavy-weight pugilists in becoming actors will end like a nine day's wonder. The public do not want to see pugilists in any role but their profession, and the stars of the pugilistic firmament who are now following the stage will find their occupation gone and have to return to the ring or retire.

There are plenty of actors of all grades and shades without pugilists trying to imitate men that have been schooled for the stage. Corbett may be a success, or he may be a failure in Charles E. Davies' new drama. He will not be a drawing card on the strength of his defeat of Jake Kilrain at New Orleans and his conquest over untrained Dominick McCaffrey. If Corbett had defeated Slavin or McAuliffe he would have a little record to boast of, but at present he has none. The California Wonder has a falling of issuing challenges to Slavin and other pugilists, but there is no money at the back of it and it is simply a cheap advertisement.

Corbett's last challenge is one to Frank P. Slavin, but it is nonsensical and lacks a genuine ring. Probably, if Slavin stood on these shores and agreed to fight this champion challenger, who has a rag on every bush, Corbett might inform him that he was under contract with the Olympic Club, and that he would meet him when that contract expires or one hundred years hence. There are several pugilists, such as McAuliffe, Kilrain and others, who can, in my opinion, defeat Corbett, and it would be advisable for the wonder to fly a small kite before he attempts to fly such a big one as Slavin.

Corbett must not labor under the impression that Joe McAuliffe will not meet him simply because the Mission Boy met with a reverse by a pugilist who outclassed him, neither must he believe that Kilrain will permit him to live on those faded laurels he won from Kilrain in a limited number of glove contest rounds in New Orleans.

Kilrain will make a match with Corbett as soon as the latter shows that his money is up. Joe McAuliffe will be only too pleased to add another victory to his victories when he returns to America, so that Corbett may be actor; but if he trusts to travel on hisistic fame he must also be a pugilist, and a practical one. The public will demand it. Just wait and see!

I think that the introduction on American race tracks of one, two, three betting has given a new advantage to speculators who bet on a system. The systems are almost as numerous as the men who practice them, and despite a common saying that it is impossible to devise a rule to win at gambling, there are methods, if persistently followed by a man with a long purse, are pretty sure to make him a winner.

It may be laid down, as a rule, that the man who bets on his guess on every race is a sure loser. His annihilation

is only a question of time. Some men have made fortunes in a season by betting on races, according to their judgment, but these are few, and those who have continued to haunt the tracks, and have not lost all their winnings, are the conservative and cautious.

Method is the secret of success in all undertakings. To succeed in any business you must understand the business and attend to it. So reason an army of bettors, who start out every season to "beat the races" with a well-filled pocket-book and a system. So argues a much smaller company of men whose faces have been familiar on the tracks summer and winter for years.

The best known system is "following the favorite," which betting on the horse against which the lowest odds are offered by the bookmakers. The better doubles his wager after losing. So if he finally wins at even money he will recover his losses and the amount of the first bet. As the first choice horse wins 40 percent or more of the races, this plan is good, if the better has money enough and is persistently courageous in putting it up. It has happened that the favorites have been beaten in twelve successive races.

In such a run of bad luck the man who begins with a \$5 wager must put up \$60,475 on the thirteenth hazard. It often happens that 2 to 1 can be got against the favorite, when many beatings make it seem impossible for a first choice to get home in the lead. At that price the thirteenth venture, if successful, puts the doubling better over \$20,000 ahead. After doubling and winning he invests only the amount of the original wager, which is his minimum bet.

It is a safer plan and requires less capital to double for a "place" after losing, particularly when 4 to 5 are laid that the first choice will not finish first or second, or as often happens, 1 to 10 or 5 to 6 are offered that the favorite will not be 1, 2, 3. The favorite is first, second or third in 70 or more of every 100 races. Playing the favorite for a place on the doubling plan is probably the safest game that can be devised for the man that must bet on every race.

A popular method is to buy the favorite to win and the second choice for place. If the speculator gets less than even money on either wager he will lose unless the favorite wins and the second choice finished second. If the prices are better than even money, so that the investor would win by cashing either of the tickets, it is a good way to bet. It is often impossible to invest in every race by this rule, because there are two or more horses which are equal second choices in the same race.

There are a few men who have won by speculating on two or three horses all straight, when the betting odds were good enough for the better to make more by the victory of any of his horses than he lost on his other one or two.

Some turf votaries will tell you there is no system that will compare with following second choice. The second choice runs on the average about one race in five, and the betting odds average about three to one against. The frequent difficulty in deciding which is the second favorite and the occasional long run of victories by first choice and outsiders renders this scheme impracticable.

What is known as the talent bet chiefly on its judgment and on information from owners and trainers that a certain horse is unbeat and "out for the money," and that others are "dead." Notwithstanding their astuteness and all the alleged "fixing," the talent comes to grief about as often as the novices and the unformed. The nice work of the handicapper, the minds of horses and the often sudden changes in their racing condition make the picking of winners and the fixing of a race with a field of good horses very difficult tasks.

The system player allows for this uncertainty. If he doubles on the favorite after losing, his heaviest wagers will win. If he follows a jockey or stable he is sure to win long shot now and then, and so he gets a benefit of the uncertainty. The methodical, well-equipped man is the most likely to succeed.

Many of the talent who ridicule systems are themselves systematic. They confine their betting within certain limitations as to the number of starters, the conditions of races and the betting odds. They are governed by rules which form a sort of system and which restrain them from indiscriminate plunging.

The greatistic encounter between Jack Dempsey, the champion middle-weight pugilist of the world, and winner of the "Police Gazette" championship belt, and Bob Fitzsimmons, of New Zealand, is now a certain fixture. A special was received at this office from the secretary of the famous Olympic Athletic Club, of New Orleans, stating that the articles of agreement the directors of the club had forwarded to Portland, Ore., for Dempsey to sign, had been returned duly signed and sealed, and as Fitzsimmons had put his sign manual to the document the match was a fixture.

Judging from Dempsey's record and success so far in the prize ring, and the New Zealand champion's reputation, the battle will be a determined one and create a furor in all parts of the world. The purse of \$12,000 the men are to contend for in the largest stakes ever offered for two men to battle for. Both men have a host of admirers and thousands will be gathered on the result.

In reference to Joe Thompson, the famous sporting man of Australia, the *Sporting Life*, London, on Oct. 20, published the following: Mr. Joe Thompson left Euston-square Station by the special boat train at 10:45 yesterday morning for Liverpool, and in the afternoon sailed in the Teutonic for New York. He had a rare good "send off," and among others who assembled at the station to wish him a pleasant trip and success were Messrs. Richard K. Fox, H. Macvey, R. Topping, G. and W. Gibbons, W. J. Innes, Barney Thompson, H. Blinston, E. Windover, J. K. Bobb (Buffalo Bill's manager), E. Emmerson, H. Hewittson, Topping, Jun., L. M. Tier (of Adelaide), J. Atherton, R. Nicolls, Mrs. Joe Thompson, the Misses Thompson, &c., &c. Mr. Joe Thompson, after spending some days in New York, where he will be entertained by Mr. Richard K. Fox's manager, will proceed to California to settle the business he has in hand, viz., the formation of a Jockey Club on English and Australian lines, and the purchasing of a suitable track for his proposed new race track. He will in any case return to England inside of four months' time. In the event of Mr. Joe Thompson being successful in his proposed venture, his brother, Barney Thompson, and other gentlemen connected with the turf, will next fall proceed to America to assist Joe in his spirited undertaking.

At Manchester, England, recently W. Evans, who holds five championships, essayed the task of breaking the 200 yards amateur swimming record. Mr. R. H. Whitehead was starter, and several watches were in operation. The average time, which is also official, showed 2 minutes 30 seconds, or 7 seconds in front of record.

F. A. Crook has posted \$250 to match George McCullough against William Synmons, and issued the following challenge, signed by McCullough, in support of his offer.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1890.

EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—I hereby challenge William Synmons, the great would-be all-round athlete and professional walker, swimmer and pugilist, and who had gall enough to enter the half mile walk as a novice, at Madison Square Garden, in the Manhattan Athletic Club games, and finish fourth. Now, if he is so anxious to have a go with me—and he blows he can do me, I hear—let him deposit \$250 to forfeit to make a match for 15 rounds, or I will box him, hard gloves, for \$600 a side. The other \$600 and man to be found at the "Globe Pot," 571 Third Avenue.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE McCULLOUGH.

ATHLETIC SHOOTING AND OTHER CLUBS WOULD DO well to send for my descriptive circular of medals and trophies before purchasing elsewhere. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

## READ OUR STRAIGHT TIPS.

## JUST PUBLISHED!

## THE LIVES AND BATTLES OF FAMOUS COLORED PUGILISTS,

From the Time of Molinaux to 1890.

With Excellent Portraits of all the Leading Colored Champions. Sent to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents, by

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
Franklin Square, New York.

J. L. Z., Marine, Ill.—No bet.

H. McC., Pottsville, Pa.—No.

J. Z., New York City.—A win.

S. W. D., Utica, N. Y.—B win.

J. L., Colorado City, Col.—A. win.

R. W., Long Island City, L. I.—No.

K. E., Poplar River.—Jake Edwards.

T. J., Bay City, Mich.—Steve Karp.

D. C. H., Troy, N. Y.—No bet, John Johnson game.

N. L., Boston, Mass.—The Boston Colored championship.

J. H., Dayton, O.—No bet, John H. Johnson record.

G. H., Jefferson County, Ky.—No bet, John Johnson fight suit.

W. S. J., Cincinnati, Ohio.—No bet, photos of parties you name.

A. B. S., East Liverpool, Ohio.—The bets follow the referee's decision.

G. S. G., Graceville, Mich.—The referee's decision decides the question.

W. J. F., Pines Alton, N. M.—A has a run of 6; B, no. Where is his sequence?

W. H. D. M., Trenton, N. J.—There is no official record.

About 10 feet 6 inches.

M. W. P., Boston, Mass.—1. B and C must throw off the tie. 2. A has no claim to either.

R. W., Hartford, Conn.—John C. Heenan only fought three times in the prize ring.

W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Edward Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, on July 15, 1853.

T. W., Harlem, N. Y.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng., on Nov. 24, 1861.

C. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—Jack Dempsey and Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn, N. Y., never fought.

M. J., Louisville, Ky.—Hindon, belonging to the Dwyer Bros., won 18 out of 30 races at three years old.

R. P. W., Kansas City.—Jim Smith and Alfred Greenfield fought a draw in France on Dec. 16, 1888.

D. W. J., Philadelphia—Foxhall won the Grand Prix De Paris in 1881. Pierre Lorillard never owned Foxhall.

J. McCANN, Worthington, Minn.—Send 55 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

T. A. W., Nesquehoning, Pa.—Letters addressed to this office will reach the parties. We have not their addresses.

R. W. J., Holyoke, Mass.—Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith did box together in England, but not until they had fought.

W. B., Boston, Mass.—B wins. Mike Corbett and James Corbett are brothers of Joe Corbett, the ex-champion pugilist.

M. J., Titusville, Pa.—Bird of Freedom won the Grand Prix De Paris in 1885.

2. H. E., Tully, Ireland—Bird of Freedom.

BRACON CLUB, Boston, Mass.—1. Send 15 cents and we will mail you a book with the party's record you mention. 2. Yes.

R. L. B., Denver, Col.—1. There is no such school. 2. A letter addressed to George Littlewood, Shefford, England, will reach

E. H. A., Dallas, Tex.—John L. Sullivan weighed 317½ pounds and Jake Kilrain 178 pounds when they fought at Richburg, Miss.

W. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abe Hicken and Harry Hicken were brothers. Abe Hicken is in Australia, and Harry Hicken is dead.

M. J., Kansas City—Tom Allen and Jim Mace never fought in England.

2. Macp. Best Allen near New Orleans, La., in May, 1870.

T. W. J., Boston, Mass.—Frank P. Slavin has possession of the "Police Gazette" championship belt, and is exhibiting it in England.

C. C., Titusville, Pa.—A wins; A. V. Loomis and Ed Searle did jump for the championship, and Searle won, jumping 13 feet 5½ inches.

W. R., Hartford, Conn.—1. The referee's decision was final.

2. The stakeholder had no jurisdiction in the matter. D should receive the stakes.

J. M., Germantown, Pa.—We cannot decide, because you omit to state whether it was 5½ A. M. or P. M. If it was P. M., it was the farthest off.

W. P., Hartford, Conn.—Gimme won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger in 1886. Foxhall won the Cossarwith in 1881.

A. L. S., La Crosse, Iowa.—There is an organized athletic club in Omaha, but we do not know of any such club in the other



THE BRIDEGRoOM KILLED.

AN ITALIAN WEDDING-FEAST IN GLASGOW, O., BROKEN UP BY A FIERCE FIGHT, WHICH ENDS IN BLOODSHED AND MURDER.



NO DUDES WANTED.

COWBOYS CONVERT CLARENCE DE PUTT'S HAT INTO A SIEVE BY BORING IT WITH BULLETS, IN FORT COLLINS, COLORADO.



PROHIBITIONISTS ON A RAMPAGE.

TWO HUNDRED MASKED MEN COMPLETELY DEMOLISH THE WHISKEY JOINT OF W. PEYTON, IN FREEMAN, MO.



NOV. 29, 1890.]

## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.



THE VEINS SEARED.

WILLIAM MINICK ALMOST CUT IN TWO BY A CIRCULAR SAW NEAR CORNING, N. Y., AND STILL NO FLOW OF BLOOD.



TWO OF A KIND.

CHARLES SAMLER AND HIS WIFE, OF CRYSTAL LAKE, MINN., BURGLARIZE MR. M'CARTHY'S HOUSE AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL.

KILLED FOR LOVE.

ALBERT SHURT, A REJECTED LOVER, SHOOTS MISS IDA SNYDER AND THEN TERMINATES HIS OWN EXISTENCE, NEAR HANNA STATION, IND.



A PIENDISH DEED.

MISS ABBIE YOUNT, A YOUNG LADY OF CALLAWAY COUNTY, MO., TERRIBLY BEATEN BY WILLIAM RICE, A FARMER'S SON.



YUM, YUM!

DR. FENMORE SMITH, OF GUTTENBURG, N. J., GOES TO HOBOKEN ON A KISSING EXPEDITION.





A BLOODY RIOT  
BETWEEN MILITIAMEN AND STUDENTS IN ANN ARBOR, MICH., RESULTING IN A STUDENT'S DEATH.



HE BEAT HIS WIFE.  
AND THE WOMEN OF TERRE HAUTE, IND., THRASH EMIL WUELFRODT WITH RAWHIDES FOR DOING SO.